Ca. 1804

1

Sion shall be no more his loud trumpet ||| rends the tombs & dead awake Hear the Triumph Chariots

Hail him O — Hallelujah Hallelujah

happy mourners — View him smiling Now redemption long Lord

welcome welcome Chiding Saints now his merits by the harpers throughout eternal days resound Now resplendent shines his

mail prints wary eye shall see the wounds

They who pierced him shall at his appearance wail —

Stand before ye Son of man hark

swells the solemn sounds aloud

S. Loud

Jear ye strong

Fill — air

Pierce the throng

Hark shrill out — Cries

all around them

within them

see the Judges hand a rising —

Very Loud —

Down to hell

Lively & Loud

See the souls that Earth dispised in celestial glories now

Hallelujah big with wonder

Joys Celestial hymns harmonious in soft symphony resound

Angels seraphs harps &

All who hate him must ashamed hear ye trumpet proclaim ye day Come to Judgm.t Come to Judgm.t Come to Judgm.t

of ye vault of heaven

of ye Guilty wretches. Breaks up ye marble thro' ye pose of princes. See the graves open And ye bones rising Flames

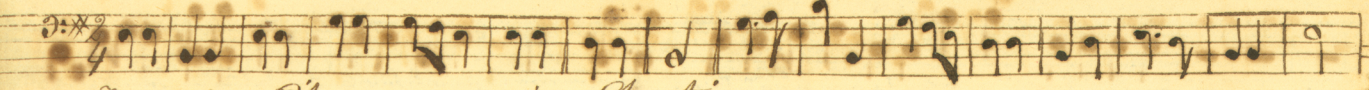
Lively bright Horror and amazing Languish Stare through their eyelids, while ye living worms lies Gnawing

depart depart Depart you Cursed Into Everlasting flames

Praising Christs Eternal Love Hallelujahs Hallelujahs Echo Through the realms of Light

trumpets shall ye sweet angelic sound hail ye mighty Wt Great Eternal Lord Amen

Rome



Wandring Pilgrims mourning Christians

Crazy Jane

Why fair maid in every Feature
Are such signs of fair Estate
Can a wandering wretched Creature
With such Terror fill thy Breast
1 Do my frenzied sobs alarm thee
Fourd me sweet thy fears are vain
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee
Shun not thou poor Crazy Jane

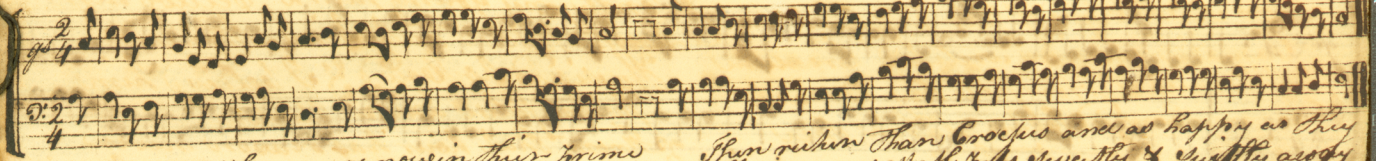
Dost thou sight to see my anguish
Mark me and avoid my woe
When men flatter sight and Languish
2 Think them false for found them so
For I loved one so sincerely
Nor could ever love again
But the youth I loved so dearly
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane

Fondly my young heart believed him
Doomed to Love but him Alone
He sighed how I believed him
He was false and I Undone
3 From that hour has reason never
Thread her empire o'er my Brain
Fancy flies with him forever
Filled the wits of Crazy Jane

Still forlorn & Broken hearted
And with frenzied thoughts distrest
On that spot where last we parted
On that spot where first we met
4 Still I sing my love long ditty
+ While each passer by in pity
Cries God helps the Crazy Jane

+ But alas I sing in vain

Song By Florella Taken from Mr. Moore's Drama



While beauty & pleasure are now in their prime
And folly & fashion expect our whole time
Let not those phantoms our wishes engage
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age

The vain & the gay may attend us awhile
Yet not let their flattery our freedom beguile
Let's court those charms that will never decay
Nor let's listen to all that deceivers can say

The lustre of the rose & jessamine perfume
The eglantine's fragrance the lilac's gay bloom
Though fair & delight fragrant unheeded may lie
For that's neither sweet when Florella is by

I sight not for beauty nor languish for wealth
But grant me kind providence virtue & health

Then wishes than Croesus are as happy as they
All my days shall pass sweetly & swiftly away
When age shall seize on me & youth's no more
And mortal's time shrinks his glass at my door
What charm in lost beauty or wealth should I sigh
For my treasure my wealth is a sweet peace of mind
That peace I'll preserve as pure as I was given
And lock in my bosom an earnest of heaven
For virtue & wisdom can warm the dull sense
And in age may flourish as gay as sixteen
When long the curtain of life shall have come
And death with his sickle shall cut the corn
Resigned to my fate without murmur or sigh
I will bless the kind summons and lie down & die

Finis

Columbia By Dwight

Tenor

Bass

The Bee

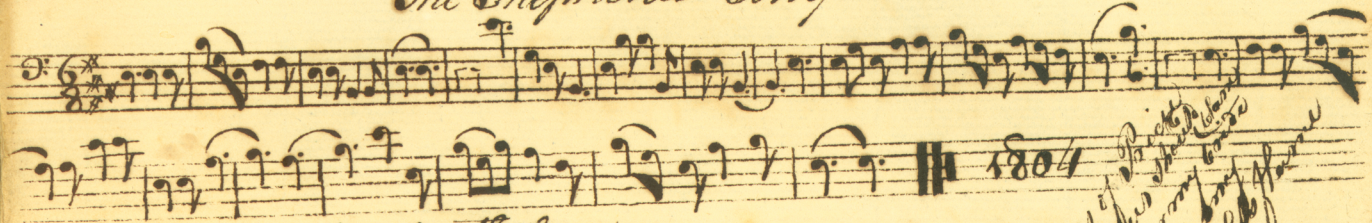
S:

S:

As Cupid in the Garden Strayd
Transported with a Damask Shade
A Little bee unseen among
The silken weaver his fingers Stung
The tears his beauteous Cheeks ran down
He Stormed & Cursed the burning wound
Then flying to a neighbouring Grove
Thus plaintive told the Queen of Love
Ah ah mama ah me I die
A Little insect wings to fly
Its Castle a bee on yonders plain
It stung me Oh! I die with pain

Then venus mildly thus rejoin'd
If you my dear such anguish find
From the resentment of a bee
Think what those feel whom thou (by thee

The Shepherds Complaint

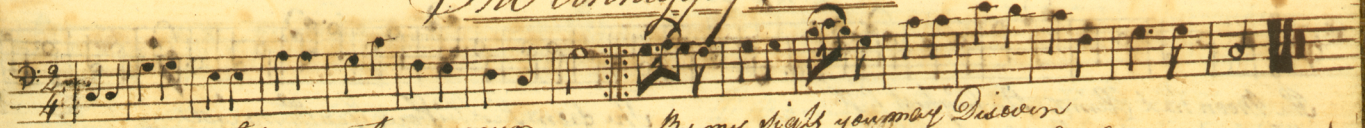


O Nightingale best poet of the Grove
That plaintive strain can ne'r belong to the
Poet in the full profession of thy love
O Lend that strain sweet nightingale to me
Tis mine alas to mourn my wretched fate
I love a maid who all my bosom charms
Yet lose my day without my lovely mate
Inhuman fortune tore her from my arms
You happy birds by natures simple laws
Lead your soft lives sustained by natures care
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws
And love & song is all your pleasing care

But we poor slaves of Interest & of Pride
Dare not the first to Nature's Sweet Lay
And here in vain I languish form my bride
Unmeaning wealth me sweet bliss away

Rodolph Farrar

The Unhappy Swain



Cease ye fountain cease to murmur
Balmy winds your breath forbear
1 Gently flowing softly blowing
Zephyrs wake your tender care

Gentle nymph assuage my anguish
2 If your feet a humble Swain
Pays you should not see him languish
One kind look would sooth my pain

Did you know the lad who courts you
He not long would sue in vain
3 Prince of song & dance & sport you
Scarce can meet the like again

By my sighs you may discover
What tender wishes touch my heart
4 Eyes can speak & tell the lover
What the tongue cannot impart

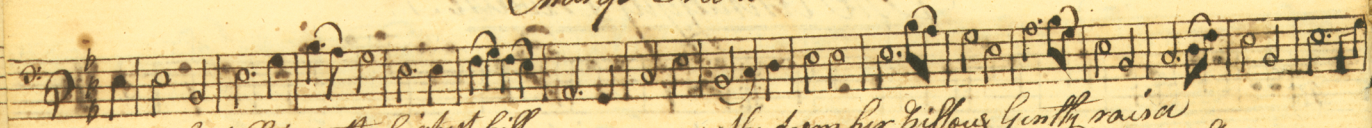
Ah my Delia must I leave thee
Can my soul such pain endure
5 Think I think how parting grieves me
Nought on Earth affords a Cure

Must these eyes no more behold thee
Dress'd in every Blooming Grace
6 Must these arms no more enfold thee
Must a Phantom fill the place

Blushing shame forbids revealing
7 What the heart must disappear
But tis hard & past concealing

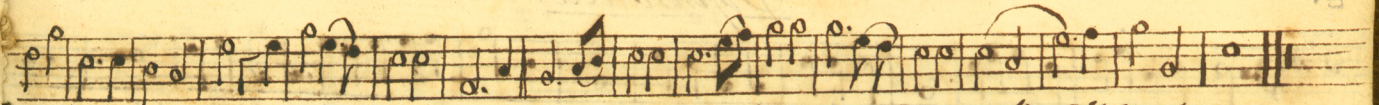
Then we truly sensibly
Tis joy to sympathize lover
Yet such must more to give him ease
8 When tis forbidden you discover
My heart pleading tis to please

Mary's Dream



The Moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises O'er the South of dew
And from the Eastern Summit shed
Her Silver light on lower & Tree
1 When mary laid her down to Sleep
Her thoughts on Sandy far att Sea
When Soft & low a Voice was heard
Say Mary weep no More for me

She from her pillow Gently raised
Her head to ask who might be there
She saw young Sandy Shivering Stand
With Visage Pale & hallow Eye
2 O Mary dear Cold is my Clay
It lies beneath a Stormy Sea
Far far from the I sleep in death
So Mary weep no more for me —

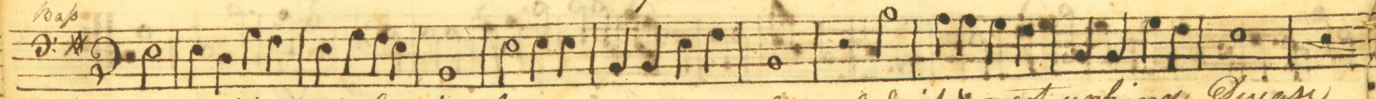


Three Stormy Nights & Stormy days
We Tost, d Upon the raging main
And long we Strove our Bark to Save
But all our Striving was in Vain
3 Can thin when horror Chill,d my Blood
My heart was fill,d with love for the
The Storm is past and I at rest
So Mary weep no more for Me

O Maiden dear thyself prepare
We soon shall meet upon that Shore
Where love is free from Doubt & Care
4 And thou & I shall part no more
Loud Cried the Cloud the Shadow fled
So more of Sandy Could She See
But softly the parting Spirit Said
Sweet mary weep no more for Me

Sophronia

Bass

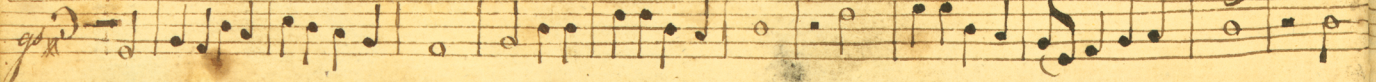


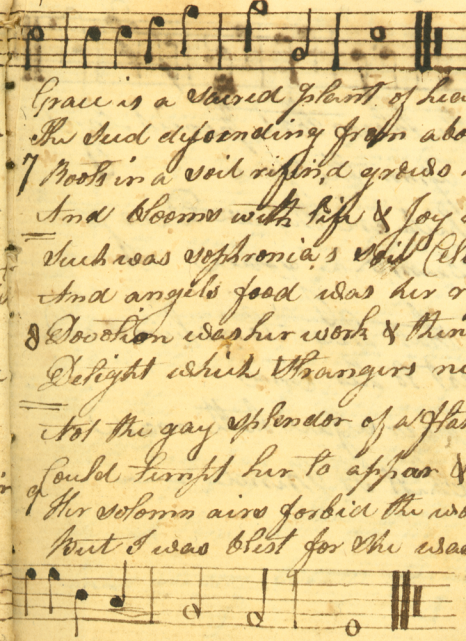
Forbear my friends forbear to ask no more
Where all my Choicest cares are fled
1 Why will ye make me tell my Torments o'er
My life my Joy my Comforts fled
Deep form my Soul mark how the Sobs arise
Hear the long groans that waste my breast
2 And read Almighty sorrows in my Eyes
Lo Sophronia sleeps in death

Unkind Disease to veil that rosy face
with humors of a mortal pale
3 While mortal Fancies with their dismal grace
And double terrors spread the veil

Unkindly veil & most unkind Disease
4 Is this Sophronia Once so fair
Are these the features that were born to please
And Beauty spread her Ensign there
I was all love & she was all Delight
Let me run back to seasons past
5 Th flowery days when first she charm'd my sight
But roses fail not always last
But still Sophronia flew out time nor care
6 Could take her youthful bloom away
Virtue has Charms which nothing can impair
Beauty like hers could not decay

Tenor

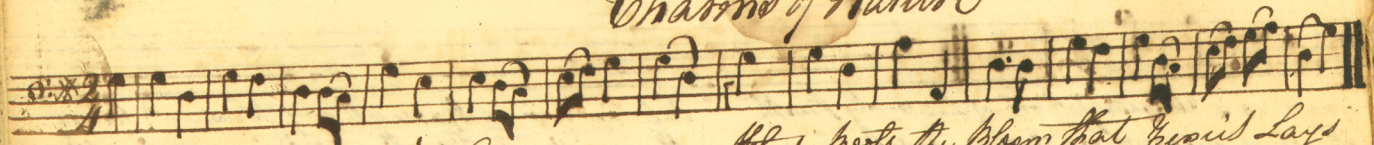




Grace is a Sacred Plant of heavenly birth
The Seed descending from above
7 Roots in a soil refin'd grows high on Earth
And blooms with life & Joy and love
Such was Sophronia's soul Celestial Dead
And angels food was her repast —
8 Devotion was her work & there she dwell
Delight which Strangers never taste
Not the gay Splendor of a flattering Court
Could tempt her to appear & shine
9 Her solemn airs forbid the world resort
But I was blest for she was mine

Sap on her wefare all my pleasures hung
Her Smiles Calm'd all my pains Controul
10 Her soul was made of softness & her tongue
was soft and gentle as her soul —
She was my Guide my friend my earthly all
Love gave with every Dawning morn
11 Had heaven a length of years delay'd to Call
Still I had thought it Call'd too Soon —
But peace my Sorrows nor with murmuring voice
Dare to accuse heavens high Decree —
12 She was first ripe for Everlasting Joys
Sophron She waits above for thee —

Charms of Nature



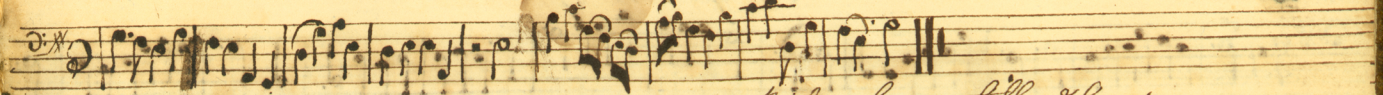
1 The Cheek Empurpled with Crimson dye
The Blush of Maiden new —
The Spark that wanton's in the Eye
And lip of Pearly Dew —

To man these native Charms appear
More Elegant than art
2 The Painted Blush the Studied Leer
Never Penetrate the heart —

What boots the Bloom that Fancied Lays
Each morn upon the face
3 Can that which ere the eve Decays
Be Justly Deem'd a grace

The Nymph that trusts to nature and
Comes nearest to her End
4 For nature never a face hath made
For human Skill To Mend —

Ode to Content –



Hail Content pure fount of Pleasure
Sweetest Gift we mortals find
1 Come thou dear thou precious treasure
Gently soothe my anxious mind

Fairest miniature of Heaven
Spark Etherial from above
2 Let thy Visits properly given
Still my Joy my Chiefest Love

Cherub Come with all thy graces
Ever in my bosom reign

3 Riches honors Stills Places
Are without the Care and Pain
But with the meanest station
Humble wants and homely fare
4 Still afford a Consolation
That we are a Fathers Care

Come thou Source of purest Pleasure
Come thou sovereign soothing Power
5 Shed thy influence without measure
Rain thy Joys a Ceaseless Shower

Corydons Ghost

Jefferson and Liberty

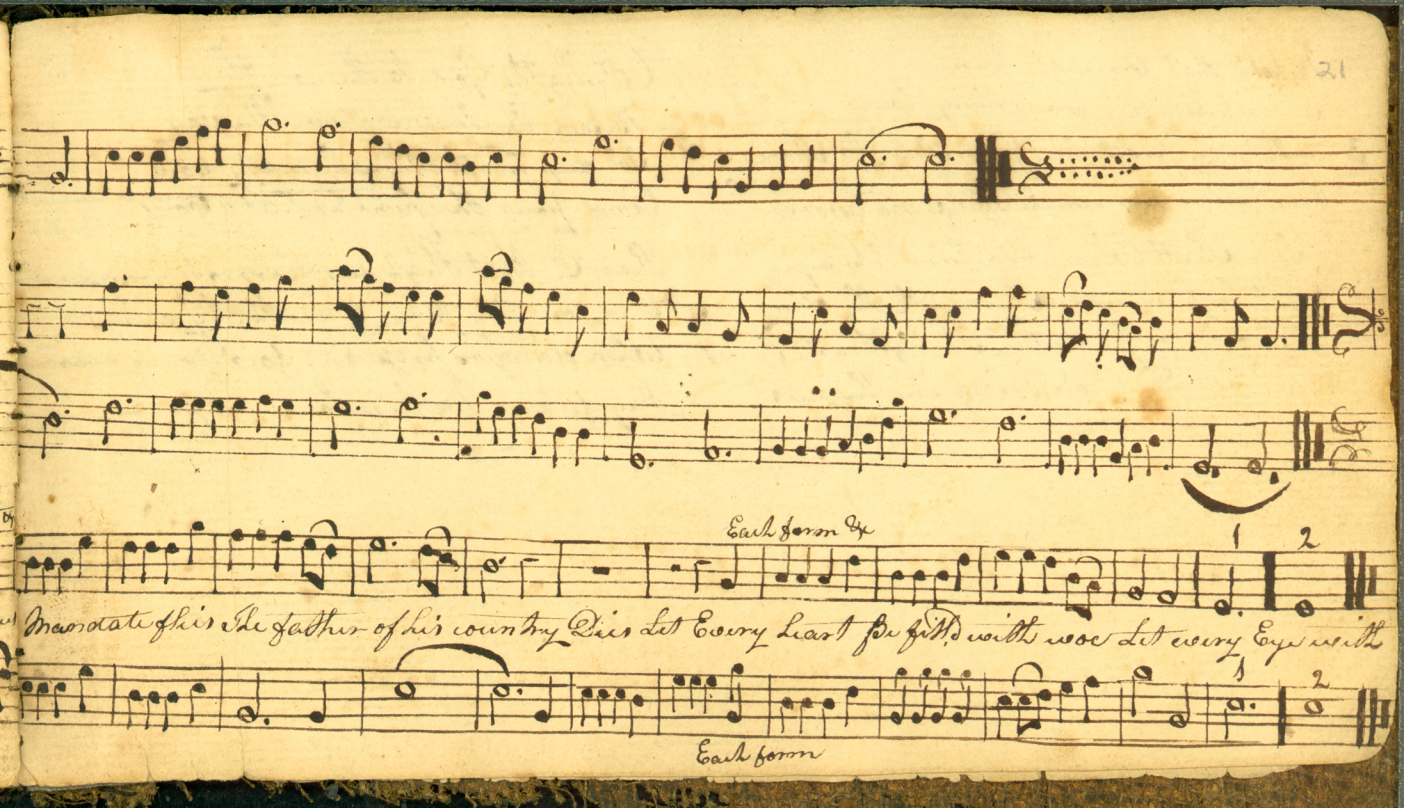
Corydon's Ghost

Tenor

Mount Vernon Hymn L M

What solemn sounds the ear Invade what wraps the land in sorrows shade From heaven the awful

Tears overflow Each form oppressed with deepest Gloom be clad in Vestments of the Tomb


Each form &c
1
2
Monarch of his The father of his country Dies Let Every Heart be filld with woe Let every Eye with
Each form

Behold that venerable band
The riches of our mourning land
3 With Grief proclaim from shore to shore
Our Guide our washington no more

Where shall Columbia turn its eye
What help remains beneath the sky
4 Our friend protector strength and trust
Lies low and Mouldering in the dust

Almighty God to thee we fly
Before thy throne above the sky
5. In deep prostration humbly bow
And pour the penitential vow

That O Most High our Earnest prayer
6th Our country take beneath thy care
When dangers press and foes draw near
May future washingtons appear

By Dr. Lathrop

Father supreme all Natures God
Display thy majesty abroad
And in full Glory shine
To thy Great name be honors paid
Throughout all worlds which thou hast made
And Earth the Chorus join —

Here place thy throne and all thy foes
Make all the Stubborn foes submit
And owen thy soverein sway
Shine Influence far and wide Extend
Till haughty rebels lowly bend
And Chearfully obey

O Let thy perfect will be done
Not by the heavenly hosts alone
Who are winged with Love and Zeal
We too with Love and Zeal would rise
To Catch the ardour of the skies
And fly to do thy will —

O thou who art both wise and good
We trust the for our daily food —
And what thou sent is best —
Our foolish wishes Lord deny
But kindly natures wants supply
To the we leave the rest —

Teach us the needy to relieve
Our foes to pity and forgive
And conquer them with Love
As we to others mercy show
Thy merry Lord on us bestow
And all our Guilt remove —

Let thy Good Spirit Guard our Hearts
Against the Sinners Guileful arts
And Every dangerous snare
Or if we once should go astray
Teach us again to find the way
And walk with better Care

An Ode From the 19 Psalm

The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue Etherial sky
And spangled heavens a shining train
Their great original proclaim
1 Th. unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creators power Dispay
And publishes to every Land
The work of an almighty hand

Soon as the Evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And nightly to the listning Earth
Repeats the story of her birth —

While all the Stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn
2 Confirm the tidings as the roll —
And spread the truth from pole to pole

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radient orbs be found
3 In reasons Ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a Glorious voice
Forever singing as they shine
The hand that made us is Divine